

The Tragedie

Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue pacience to endure the load,
But if blacke scandale or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

May. God bleise your Grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, England's royall King.

May. Amen.

Buc. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Euen when you wil, since you will haue it so.

Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:

Farewell good Cousen, farewell gentle freinds.

Exeunt.

Enter Queene mother, Dutchesse of Yorke, Marques

Dorset at one doore, Dutchesse of Gloucester
at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs heere, my Neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whither away so fast?

Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.

M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged the contrary.

Qu. The King? why, who's that?

Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bounds betwixt their loue and me:

of Richard

I am their mother, who should
I am their father, mother, and

Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am
Then feare not thou. Ile beare
And take thy office from thee

Lieu. I do beseech your Grace
I am bound by oath, I may not

Enter L.

Stan. Let me but meete you
And Ile salute your Grace of York
And reuerent looker on, of two
Come Madam, you must go with
There to be crowned Richard

Qu. O cut my lace in sund
May haue some scope to beate
With this dead liking newes.

Dor. Madame, haue comfort

Qu. O Dorset, speake not of
Death and destruction dogge

Thy mothers name is ominious
If thou wilt outstrip death, goe
And liue with Richmond, from
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from the
Least thou increase the number
And make me die the thrall of
Nor mother, wife, nor England

Stan. Full of wise care is this
Take all the swift aduantage of
You shall haue letters from me
To meete you on the way, and
Be not taken tardie, by vnwise

Dut. Yor. O ill disappearing
O my accursed wombe, the be
A Cocatrice hast thou hatcht
Whose vnauoyded eye is murder

Stan. Come Madam, I in all

Duch. And I in all vnwillin
I would to God that the idel
Of golden mettall that must